

Sketch

Volume 50, Number 1

1983

Article 17

To The Surface

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To The Surface

Bob Slocum English 4

She is going much too fast,
down these endless, winding, narrow stone staircases
that cannot possibly lead into the church.
I cannot keep up with her,
as the older man following cannot keep up with me.
Can she realize how obvious it is
that when we get to the bottom
she's going to hit me in the head with a bottle
and leave me, lost or trapped or helpless, to die?
"Right in here," she says polite as a waitress,
though surely she knows that I know
the tight fitting door can only lead
to the attic of Coos or Montresor's vaults.
Taking the bottle from her hand, I easily throw her
to the floor, and strike her in the face with the heavy glass
just as she becomes again a wooden doll,
sending her round nose skittering like a marble.
Back upstairs, it is no problem
to go through the curtain between the narthex and the church
into such brightness that this must be the wedding,
though apparently I am the only one here,
blinking at the growing light,
blinking, blinking so fiercely I must finally open my eyes
